Where Flows Hood River

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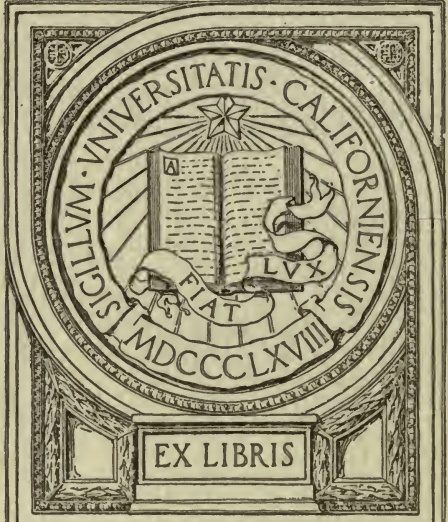

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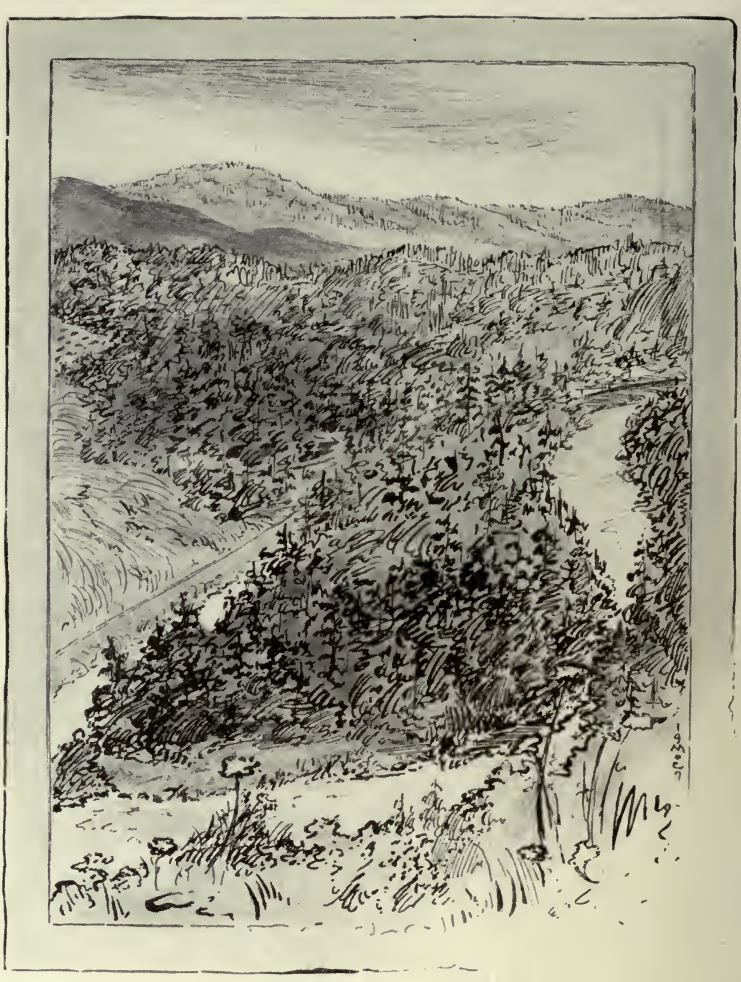
Where Flows Hood River



. . *"its circling strand*
Ensnaring fast this homeless bit of land,
This unreached island."

—MOONLIGHT IN HOOD RIVER GORGE

Where Flows Hood River

BY

MARION COOK

Illustrated with Photographs and Drawings
by The Author

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Gift of

To the many friends who have helped to make this valley dear to me, this little book.

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Where Flows
Hood River

"Where flows Hood river, its green banks between"

—WHERE FLOWS HOOD RIVER

Where Flows
Hood River

Where Flows Hood River

Where flows Hood river, its green banks between,
Slipping along in gladsome melody,
Or petulantly scolding on its way;
Now from a rock-hewn bluff but narrow seen,
Now cradling trout where some wide bed hath been,
Or turning a vast wheel of industry,
The while it boasts its aristocracy
As, glacier-born, it sings of home, I ween.

Holding it dear, I almost might deplore
The passing of the wigwam from its shore;
Might long to see the camp-fire's fitful blaze,
And breathe the freedom of old Indian days;
For this swift-running stream, with subtle art,
Hath wound its way, forsooth, into my heart.

Where Flows
Hood River

"and now there can be seen
This rock-strewn way"

—THE STONY BELT

Where Flows
Hood River

The Stony Belt

The mountains raged with tempers violent,
(So runs the legend), and with fierce intent,
Shot mighty stones each to annihilate—
So Hood and Adams fought.

Their skill, alas, was *a la* feminine!
Their aim fell short, and now there can be seen
This rock-strewn way to mark the valley's fate—
When Hood and Adams fought!

Where Flows
Hood River

"Or rushing, furious, to some lower bed"

—THE FLUME

Where Flows
Hood River

The Flume

Netting the valley's face, its lacy thread
Confined in slender channels; now and then
Astride the land on stilts; and then again
In wanton, pure abandonment outspread,
Or rushing, furious, to some lower bed
And swirling there in whirlpools dizzying;
Thus loyally it serves the needs of men,
A-zigzag as their whim or fancy led.

How clear and pure it runs! Its lofty birth
The endless snows of Hood. As cool, I think,
It parallels the sloping berry fields,
And thus refreshes all the thirsty earth;
While patient cattle, grateful, pause to drink,
And orchards speak their praise in mighty yields.

Where Flows
Hood River

"while to the right . . lies Hood"

—LOVE'S AFTERGLOW

Where Flows
Hood River

Love's Afterglow

These wooded hills a-touch, a-flame with light,
All brick-red in the sun's departing glow,
Upholstered in brown velvet, row on row,
And buttoned in with forests green! The sight
Intoxicates the eye; while to the right,
Suffused in pink, lies Hood in afterglow;
And Adams to the north, with, far below,
The river trailing off into the night.

Oh heart of mine! so, beautifying life,
Doth shine the splendor of the days that were!
Love's glory covers all; while slips away
Its morn of tumult and its noon of strife;
And leaves me dreaming here, a worshipper,
All bathed in beauty and soft ecstacy!

Where Flows
Hood River

"Vistas leading coaxingly away."

—COLUMBIA'S CALL

Where Flows
Hood River

Columbia's Call

Luringly, teasingly, lovingly withal,
And yet all-compellingly doth my river call;
And my heart an answer cries,
While the quick tears blur my eyes,
For I dearly love it, love it so!

Days there are of happy moods,
Sun-flecked waves and emerald woods,
And the changeless blue of summer sky;
Then a sombre morrow speaks,
Flying cloud-mists veil the peaks,
And we thoughtful grow—my heart and I.

Yet each call is dear to me
And I answer eagerly,
Thankful that I hear it and obey;
Toward the west or toward the east,
Eyes and mind find feast on feast—
Vistas leading coaxingly away.

Luringly, teasingly, lovingly withal,
And yet all-compellingly doth my river call;
And my heart an answer cries,
While the quick tears blur my eyes,
For I dearly love it, love it so!

Where Flows
Hood River

"The sun a wooer is."

—THE WOOING

Where Flows
Hood River

The Wooing

Sometimes I wonder, sitting in the sun,
(All dripping with the glory of its rays),
If apples blush so when, in autumn days,
The full, rich crimson of their life's true run
Stains each plump cheek as coyly, one by one,
They yield them to the fascinating plays
Of sun and wind and all the charming ways
These two conspire until their work is done.

The sun a wooer is; and I can feel
How ardently he pleads; what firm intent
He manifests, and what unflagging zeal;
It surely could but cause embarrassment,
Set them a-tingling to their being's core
And make them—all immodest—long for more!

Where Flows
Hood River

CLOUD CAP INN, MT. HOOD

Where Flows
Hood River

Sunset at Cloud Cap Inn

I think I never saw so fair a sight
As that one sunset; let me make it plain:
Imagine a vast, glowing, billowy main
Of clouds in-pouring from the west, and quite
As level as the sea; its surging light
Rolled high on mighty breakers—holding rein
At Adams' massive form, and making vain
Assaults on Helens, reared to meet the night.

Then presently it crept about our feet,
And almost smothered Hood in close embrace;
Yet ever sky and water seemed to meet,
And only for the mountains left a place;
And ever, as the sun sank lingeringly,
We fancied we were sailing on the sea!

Where Flows
Hood River

"The sunlight tips the waters."

—AT WAU GUIN GUIN

Where Flows
Hood River

At Wau Guin Guin

(Lullaby Falls)

All swathed in feathery veils of rising spray,
These falls that softly croon one's self to sleep
(Yet ever their eternal vigils keep),
Drop gently into life's hard work-a-day
And lead, like willing troops, my thoughts away;
They bid me pause, with inward eye to peep
At things invisible; the forceful, deep,
Resistless power that must have its way.

The sunlight tips the waters; yet below,
Far down the jagged steep, 'tis dark enough!
And one but marvels at their laughing so,
Instead of moaning that the way is rough;
Content they are to move as He hath planned,
Since source and resource are all in His hand!

Where Flows
Hood River

"a shimmering flow,
Offset with dusky green."

—MOONLIGHT IN HOOD RIVER GORGE

Where Flows
Hood River

Moonlight in Hood River Gorge

Come close beside me; let me touch you, so—
How fair the night is! here, give me your hand;
I want to feel you near as thus we stand
And drink deep of this hour. How pale below
Our feet, the river winds! a shimmering flow,
Offset with dusky green; its circling strand
Ensnaring fast this homeless bit of land,
This unreached island that doth beckon so!

Do you recall that other night like this
When first we stood here? Think what others miss—
The moon a-swim in its own loveliness;
And over all this haze of silver rain;
The rushing stream; Hood, spectre-like—in vain
Can daylight coax me to forget again!

Where Flows
Hood River

"Far up this road that overhangs the town"

—THE SERPENTINE ROAD

Where Flows
Hood River

The Serpentine Road

Far up this road that overhangs the town,
I linger while the sun slips down to rest;
The mountains silhouetted in the west,
The river gleaming golden up and down
Its glorious length; the eastern hills red-brown
And purple in this light—for evening dressed
In gorgeous hues—, all quell a dull unrest,
And lay upon the cross of day, a crown.

Though tortuous its climb, this rough ascent
Is lined its winding length with flowers sweet;
And, snuggled deep in oaks, the town, content,
In cosy comfort nestles at one's feet;
So each real striving finds its nourishment,
And each acquired height its view complete.

Where Flows
Hood River

"But sheen and glory linger with us yet"

—OCTOBER

Where Flows
Hood River

October

Dear heart, 'tis true the summer's sun hath set,
And earth no more can feel her warm pulse-beat;
But sheen and glory linger with us yet,
Tho' touched with prints of autumn's foot-steps fleet.

In place of quiet green and softening shade,
We have the flaming grandeur of the woods;
Those kindling signal-fires by nature made
To herald the approach of wintry moods.

And it is true our love was warm and red
And glowing as the rose—must it, too, die?
And, fluttering, fall as trembling leaves are shed,
Unloosed by every breath that passeth by?

Ah no, it cannot be! . . . . beneath the snow
The tender green still lives, tho' hid from view;
Its life is safe, and when spring breezes blow,
The perfect flower will open, love, for you!

Where Flows
Hood River

"A waving canopy of tangled green."

—OAKS

Where Flows
Hood River

Oaks

A waving canopy of tangled green
Above my head: I gather the bright leaves
And pin them, stem-wise, into festive wreaths,
Admiring furtively their glossy sheen.
So still I sit, my presence is not seen
By this small, scampering squirrel who believes
Himself alone, and so adroitly weaves
His way these rocks and bushes dense between.

Three times he comes and goes, and I reflect
How many lives these mothering oaks protect,
What various creatures loiter in their shade;
While even their gaunt, leafless forms have played
Their part in winter, and have done their full
Toward making this the Valley Beautiful!

Where Flows
Hood River

"I see o'er all the valley at my feet
The fluffy pink-and-white of blossoms sweet."

—ORCHARDS IN APRIL

Where Flows
Hood River

Orchards in April

I idle through the rows of well-kept trees,
And revel in the beauty of this fling
Of rare perfume and rampant coloring,
And find it passing sweet. Such sights as these,
Such odors, would the most fastidious please;
'Twould seem as though this party gown of spring
Had caught the flare of sunset's pink, to bring
It to the earth, our wonder to appease.

Not only in this grove is beauty found;
Wherever turns the eye—behind, around,
I see o'er all the valley at my feet
The fluffy pink-and-white of blossoms sweet;
And while some reckon but the fruit, I hold
These days of fragrant promise outweigh gold!

Where Flows
Hood River

"The hills, the rocks, the river; and the might
Of wind-swept branches"

—ABOVE TUCKER'S MILL

Where Flows
Hood River

Above Tucker's Mill

I close my eyes and find myself again
In all the bliss of that high noon's delight;
The hills, the rocks, the river; and the might
Of wind-swept branches like a tossing mane,
A-patterning the ground; and now, as then
I seem to hear the burden, day and night,
Of that one song whose wail is infinite—
The lonely river moaning out its pain.

Complainingly it murmurs; would implore
Some pity for its narrow, rocky bed;
And yet I cannot give it; thus to miss
This voice that understands; to hear no more
This undersong of life, so pensive said—
No, no! I love to come here just for this!

Where Flows
Hood River

"And every morn the earth is born anew"

—STRAWBERRY DAYS

Where Flows
Hood River

Strawberry Days

Like brilliant flecks of color o'er the land,
The Indian pickers come, a motley crew;
One hears their jargon on the streets and through
The busy country-side. On every hand
The berry fields are swarming with a band
Of eager workers; skies are warm and blue,
And every morn the earth is born anew,
With gay surprises for its people planned.

But best of all, the campers love the night,
Moonlit or dotted, gem-like, with the stars;
The steady hum of insects and the flight
Of happy visions seen through Sleep's gold bars;
The while the hungry world dreams longingly
Of short-cake and the bliss that is to be!

Where Flows
Hood River

"As mighty church-spires reaching heavenward"

—THE PINES

Where Flows
Hood River

The Pines

As mighty church-spires reaching heavenward,
So loom the pines; dear heart, how sad they moan!
The night grows dark and I am here alone—
Alone save for these phantom shapes, half-feared,
That hide the stars and seem, in fancy reared,
Like some dim temple reaching to God's throne,
Where need of silent prayer doth meet my own,
And peace that no earth-building can afford!

The scent of swaying needles fills the air;
I want you, love; yet I can worship here
Apart, if need be, until you shall come;
My wish will draw you, that you too may share
The secrets that these whispering pines hold dear,
The mystery of this spot—in daylight dumb!

Where Flows
Hood River

"Come loitering slow, and linger by the gate."

— MILKING TIME

Where Flows
Hood River

Milking Time

Up from the creek the cattle, one by one,
Come loitering slow and linger by the gate
And meekly their appointed places wait
In well-filled stalls. The late, low-shining sun
By polished pails flashed back, the steady run
Of milk from heavy udders designate
The hour's hungry need; and gentle Kate
And Bess and Daisy count their task well done.

Now thoughtfully they chew their cud and dream
Of wandering in a cornfield, fancy free;
While puss waits for her share with kittens three
And jealously doth eye the golden stream
That mother sets aside for churning-day—
(Oh happy scene, in memory laid away!)

Where Flows
Hood River

"All nature sinks into a sweet repose"

—NIGHT SONG

Where Flows
Hood River

Night Song

The summer moon rides up beyond the hill
All dazzling gold against the far blue sky,
And just beside it, watchful, silent, still,
One baby star to keep it company.

Low, cradling breezes rock the trees to rest,
Across the field a cricket's chirp is heard;
And from the woods made bold by glowing west,
The last faint twitter of yon sleepy bird.

All nature sinks into a sweet repose,
Made drowsy by the deepening shades of night;
The flowers droop their weary heads and close—
To shine the fairer in to-morrow's light.

. . . . . .

Sleep, sleep, O earth, and hush awhile thy cares,
And rest betimes thy pulsing, throbbing heart!
In infinite Love there are no dull despairs,
And God doth willingly His joy impart!

The hour grows late; the night descendeth low,
Now pause with me and breathe a space more free;
This sleeping world, the brooding stars and all
This quiet peace belong to thee and me!

Where Flows
Hood River

"These curious walls all honeycombed and cleft,
And in their height immense"

—THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL

Where Flows
Hood River

The Devil's Punch Bowl

Down, down, I gaze into this basin deep
From points of vantage on its curving brim,
(A sight that almost makes my senses swim),
And note the blue-green waters and the leap
Of rushing falls that feed it. I could weep
At the misnomer; pray, what taste or whim
Impelled this naming? Surely not for him,
This imp beguiling, God hath planned this steep!

Too wonderful it is; an angel hand
For man's delight this mighty bowl hath planned;
These curious walls all honeycombed and cleft,
And in their height immense; such chiseling deft
God's handiwork reveals—too good indeed
To meet a mythic evil's fancied need!

Where Flows
Hood River

"headed down
The graded roadway"

—SATURDAY IN TOWN

Where Flows
Hood River

Saturday in Town

Hustle, bustle through the town,
A line of wagons headed down
The graded roadway, past the school,
Till hitching-posts, ere long, are full;
Clerks kept busy handling goods,
(Yards of cloth or needed foods),
And throughout the day till late
Groups of farmers congregate
At Bragg's corner, talking o'er
Politics or crops or war,
Or a bit of gossip rare
As a tempting bill of fare;
Youths and gay, be-ribboned maids
With flying curls or sober braids,
Haunt the shops that sell ice-cream;
Babes on good behaviour seem—
Everything in bright array
On this, the farmer's holiday!

Where Flows
Hood River

"For by its fruits this valley shall be known"

—IN THE PACKING HOUSE

Where Flows
Hood River

In the Packing House

The busy fingers fly, while jest and song
Float gayly on the air; the fruit piled high
In groaning trays quite captivates the eye,
And makes one all-immoderately long
To taste and feast. With care the active throng
Of willing workers their skill justify
In faultless rows of "toppers", and deny
A "cull" could in their boxes ere belong.

And still the pickers laden come, and still
I watch the work go on. How many lands
Are gladdened by the fruit from these deft hands,
How many countless sing its praise, and will!
These tables bear the proofs of hopes well sown,
For by its fruits this valley shall be known.

Where Flows
Hood River

"And if I humbly follow, lo! they still
Stride on ahead"

—LONG COUNTRY ROADS

Where Flows
Hood River

Long Country Roads

Long country roads that wander where they will
Across this sunny valley, beckoning me
Around each corner tantalizingly;
And if I humbly follow, lo! they still
Stride on ahead with eager pace until
The race seems futile. Yet I fain would see
What lieth just beyond, though certainly
Could never of their beauty drink my fill!

And oftentimes I find I have a mind
To share their privilege; fancy what they know
Unknown to others! Wind or winter's snow
Cannot efface the memory, I find,
Of summer days; and as the seasons roll,
These roads fold up their secrets like a scroll.

Where Flows
Hood River

"Day doth not die"

— TRANSCRIPTION

Where Flows
Hood River

Transcription

Where sinks the sun in fiery seas of splendor,
Day doth not die;
'Tis but her sleep-song written warm and tender,
On clefs of sky—
God's Lullaby.

Gold

O yellow buttercup! How I love your gold!

Holding in your chalice, gleamings manifold!
Like a burst of sun-bloom from the past thou art,
Shedding Hope's reviving rays on a shadowed heart,
Whispering sweet promises of wealth of love untold!

O yellow buttercup! How I love your gold!

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